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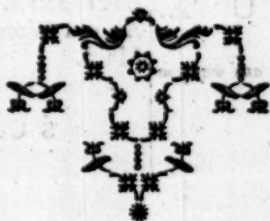
As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXVII.

PROLOGUE.

PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye sit,
*The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
 To stir you up, do not your looks let fall,
 Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
 Because this day we're Spaniards all again,
 The story of our play, and our scene Spain;
 The errors too, do not for this cause hate,
 Now we present their wit, and not their state.
 Nor ladies, be not angry, if you see
 A young fresh beauty wanton, and too free,
 Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain,
 No such gross errors in your kingdom reign!
 You're vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
 We seldom make it flame up to desire.
 Take no example, neither, to begin,
 (For some by precedent delight to sin;)
 Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
 Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
 But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
 A cruel scene did never lady please.
 Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
 Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
 Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you're
 free;
 We tax no farther than our comedy.
 You are friends; sit noble, then, and see.*

EPILOGUE.

GOOD night our worthy friends; and may you
 part
 Each with as merry and as free a heart
 As you came hither. To those noble eyes,
 That deign to smile on our poor faculties,

*And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
 As we hope many to such fortune send
 Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste;
 To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of MEDINA.
 DON JUAN DE CASTRO, a Spanish Colonel.
 SANCHIO, } Officers in the Army.
 ALONZO, }
 MICHAEL PEREZ, the Copper Captain.
 LEON, Brother to Altea, and by her con-
 trivance married to Margarita.
 CACAFOGO, a rich Usurer.

W O M E N.

MARGARITA, a wanton Lady, married to
 Leon, by whom she is reclaimed.
 ALTEA, her Servant.
 CLARA, a Spanish Lady.
 ESTIFANIA, a Woman of Intrigue.
 An old Woman.
 Maid.

SCENE, SPAIN,

RULE a WIFE and HAVE a WIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Juan de Castro and Perez.

ARE your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your command?

Per. We pick up still,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time I think we shall be full too;
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd:

There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,
Commended to me from some noble friends,
For my alferes,

Per. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd
before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don
Michael,

That came to my ears yet; ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less!

I never yet heard certainly

Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Per. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need
Many as stout as he, will go along with us, [be;
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish:
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and
whole ones,

That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-
hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for: but,
Michael Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great
hearts?

Per. I hear every hour of her, tho' I ne'er saw her;
She is the main discourse: noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for
certain,

And that comes seldom without wantonness;

He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Per. Would I were married, I wou'd find that
wisdom

With a tight rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the most subtle mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to
speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Per. Are they two handsome women?

Ser. They seem so; very handsome; but they're
veil'd, Sir.

Per. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth, how it
melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit Servant.*

Per. Don Juan,

Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat be out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?

Per. There be two,

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then?

Per. I would fain see that;

I've been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange
things;

But for two honest women;—one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee be modest.

Per. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara and Estifania veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Per. Both hooded! I like 'em well though;
They come not for advice in law, sure, hither;

They're very modest; 'tis a fine prelude.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, wou'd
you speak, lady?

Cl. With you, Sir, as I guess, Juan de Castro.

Per. Her curtain opens, she is a pretty gentle-
woman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to for-
I may do any service to your beauties.

Cl. Captain, I hear you are marching down to
To serve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Cl. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, Sir, you know

Don Campusano, captain of Carbines, [him,
To whom I would request your nobleness,

To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*

Juan. I shall do it;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Cl. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[*Exit Juan and Clara.*

Per. Pr'ythee let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,

Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Per. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd;
Lady, you may to me.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

Esif. You must excuse, Signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Per. As I am a gentleman, by the honour of a
soldier!

Esif. I believe you.

I pray be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Per. I should love you dearly,
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection;
I have no mistress, no desire to honour,
Any but you.

I know not you have struck me with your modesty,
That you have taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others—
Quickly, before they come.

Esif. Indeed I dare not:

But since I see you're so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance.

Per. It must needs be excellent.

Esif. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter, thither come.
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And as I like your virtuous carriage, then

Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She 'th done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Per. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank
you, lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant;
Sirrah, come near; hark.

Enter Perez's Servant.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully.

[Exit.

Juan. You will command me more services?

Cl. To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down
there.

[Exit Ladies and Don Juan's Servant.

Per. You had the honour to see the face that
came to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours,
Don Michael?

Per. Mine was i'th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn
over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Per. No.

Juan. Then I do, captain.

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't;
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Per. Were those the brought love-letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders;
Yours was very modest methought.

Per. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see.

Juan. 'Tis worth experience.

Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [Exit.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Estifania across the Stage, a Servant of Michael Perez following.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings—she walk'd plagu' fast.

Re-enter Estifania; curseys, and exit.

And hereabouts I lost her: stay, that's she.

Let me note the place, the street I well remember.

Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber in Margarita's House.

Enter three old Ladies.

1st Lady. What should it mean, that in such
haste we're sent for?

2d Lady. Be like the lady Margaret has some bu-
She'd break to us in private. [sinec]

3d Lady. It should seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2d Lady. And virtuous enough too, that I war-
rant ye,

For a young woman of her years; 'tis a pity
To load her age with too much virtue.

3d Lady. 'Tis more sometimes than we can well
away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies.

All. Morrow, my good Madam.

1st Lady. How does the sweet young beauty,
lady Margaret? [night?

2d Lady. Has she slept well after her walk last

1st Lady. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well;

She's very well: She sent for you thus suddenly

To give her counsel in a business

That much concerns her.

2d Lady. She does well and wisely.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1st Lady. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years: who wou'd she yoke
with?

Alt. That's left to argue on; I pray come in
And break your fast, drink a good cup or two
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll
tell ye.

2d Lady. And good wine breeds good counsel;
we'll yield to ye. [Exit.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None; I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None; they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember;

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long questions; I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an ass; did you ne'er draw your
sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away;

For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum?

Leon. It makes my head ach.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?

Leon. I think not; but I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man:

Was your father wife?

Leon. Too wife for me, I'm sure;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you
witness.

Canst thou lye with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir;

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not;

Darkness, indeed, may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?

Leon. Why, by chance:
They aim at honourable men; alas! I'm none, Sir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in his talk
that strike me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo.

Alon. What have you got there, temperance, into
your company?

The spirit of peace? We shall have wars by the
ounce then.

Enter Cacafogo.

Oh, here's another pumpkin;
The cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo;
Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoon-
fuls.

Caca. My father's dead: I am a man of war too;
Monies, demefnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o' the Hollanders, your ships
may leak else.

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my
drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, Sir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I'm satisfied you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'lt wrong'd mine honour;

Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously;
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou won't my money too, with a pair of
basse bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee;
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee.

[*He strikes.*]

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray par-
don me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had
kill'd thee:

I leave thee as a thing despis'd. *Baso las manos a
vostros Señora* [Exit *Caca.*]

Alon. You've scap'd by miracle; there is not in
all Spain

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty; and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off;

He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Chamber in Margarita's House.

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me, now, too bountiful amends,
lady,

For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object:
I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus;
No other anger ever touch your sweetnes.

Estif. Y'appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your name.

Estif. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,

But shews both rich and admirable: all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it:
The suits you see of all the upper chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the house;
I think I have besides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain can parallel.

Per. Now, if she be not married, I have some
Are you a maid? [*hopes.*]

Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever) [Aside.]

For every year you lose, you lose a beauty:
A husband now, an honest careful husband,

Were such a comfort! Will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir:
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She's excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict,
Nor ty'd unto a virgin's solitariness, [Sir,

But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's comfort ministr'd in the word soldier;
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir.
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction. To please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident! Now fortune
stick to me:

I am a soldier, and a batchelor, lady,
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely.

They that use many words, some are deceitful
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent,
For all that follow me to love their ladies.

I'm young you see, able I'd have you think too;
If 't please you know, try me, before you take me.
'Tis true I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too, in ready gold,
As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms, lady.

Estif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye;
And such a man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so,

I'll have a priest o' the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly

You will repent too.

Per. I'll hang'd or drown'd first;

By this and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You're a flatterer!

But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;
And then, sweet wench——

Estif. You have the art to cozen me. [Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E, an Apartment in Margarita's House.

*Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.**Mar.* COME, sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.*1st Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady.*Mar.* 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit. I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.*2d Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have, Your years require it; and 'tis necessary, As necessary as meat, to a young lady; Sleep cannot nourish more.*1st Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep ye single?

You take away variety in marriage; Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then: Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes. Why was I made a woman?*2d Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?*Mar.* Why fair and young, but to use it?*1st Lady.* You're still i' th' right; why would you marry then?*Alt.* Because a husband stops all doubts in this And clears all passages. [point,*2d Lady.* What husband mean ye?*Alt.* A husband of an easy faith, a fool; Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure: One, though he see himself become a monster, Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.*2d Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.*1st Lady.* Yes marry; but how to bring 'em to this rare perfection—*2d Lady.* They must be chosen so; things of no Nor outward honesty. [honour,*Mar.* No, 'tis no matter;

I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2d Lady. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,

That carries credit, and a face of awe.

Mar. No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtle:

The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1st Lady. Then, some grave governor; Some man of honour, yet an easy man.*Mar.* If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such.*Alt.* With search, and wit, and labour,

I've found one out, a right one and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman?*Alt.* Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish him.

A good fellow; and has good cloaths, if he knew how.

Mar. Those I'll allow him, [to wear 'em.

They are for my credit. Does he understand But little.

Alt. Very little.*Mar.* 'Tis the better;

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. H' has no capacity what honour is?

For that's the soldier's god.

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom.

If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?*Alt.* As you shall see, lady;

But to all this he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him to.

Go, find me out this man, and let me see him, If he be that motion that you tell me of,

And make no more noise, I shall entertain him. Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your ladyship. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, a Street.

*Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.**Juan.* Why thou'rt not married indeed?*Per.* No, no, pray think so;

Alas! I am a fellow of no reckoning,

Nor worthy a lady's eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a fortune, And make none of thy friends acquainted with it, Nor bid us to thy wedding?*Per.* No, indeed.

There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,

An old seducer, to a female banquet:

I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i' the veil?*Per.* Basta, 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon; The loving'st thief!

Juan. And is she rich withal, too?*Per.* A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.

I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel,

How do thy companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, Sir.

You intend a safer war at home, belike, now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel:

I find myself given to my ease a little.

I care not if I sell my foolish company;

They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,

This fellow at first sight should win a lady,

A rich young wench!

When shall we come to thy house, and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more:

I have an house to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.*Per.* Where they'll get entertainment is the I beat no drum. [point, Signior;*Enter Servant.**Serv.* My mistress, Sir, is sick, because you're absent;

She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!

Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen your fair You see I'm ty'd a little to my yoke. [leaves]

Pray pardon me: wou'd ye had both such loving wives. [Exeunt Per. and Servants.

Juan. I thank ye

For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,

Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune;

Come, let's to dinner: when Margarita comes,

We'll visit both, it may be then your fortune. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, a Chamber.

*Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.**Mar.* Is he come?*Alt.* Yes, Madam, h' has been here this half hour.

I've question'd him of all that you can ask him, And find him as fit as you had made the man.

Mar. Call him in, Altea. [Exit Altea.*Enter Leon, and Altea.*

A man of a comely countenance! Pray ye come this way.

Is his mind so tame?

Alt. Pray question him; and, if you find him not Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat; and hold your
And speak to th' lady. [head up,

Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught, I know not what it means, Madam.

Mar. You shall be taught. And can you, when
the pleases.

Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?

You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry!

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as
handsomely,

When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied;
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'm!

Mar. How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, Sir.
Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on, then.

Leon. Come on, then. [Kisses her.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.

If I should be this lady that affects ye;

Nay, say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the lady!

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, Madam; nor no friends.

I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, Sir;
Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not.

Alas! I am not able; I've no wit, Madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me.

Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed, forthwith.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be fancy;
No, nor at any time familiar with me:

Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself

Mar. Nor must not now. [sufficiently.

Leon. I'll be a dog, to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I ap-

Leon. I were to blame else. [point ye.

Mar. Kiss me again.—If you see me

Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,

You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand I shall be con-

tented;

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for. The less you
speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, Madam,

But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly, too.

Mar. Get me a priest, I'll wed him instantly.

But when you're married, Sir, you must wait on me;
And see ye observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes, when you deserve
Come in, and serve for witnesses. [em.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Mar. And then away to the city presently,
I'll to my new house; and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; I'm a made

Alt. Do not break out too soon. [man!

Leon. I know my time, wench. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Grand Saloon.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Cla. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Cla. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes, too;

And the most kind man. I find him rich too, Clara.

Cla. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a
bait, wench?

I bob for fools: he is mine own; I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;

And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily;

And all he has I've 'flow'd at my devotion.

Cla. Does the lady know this? she's coming now
to town;

Now to live here, in this house.

Estif. Let her come;

She shall be welcome: I am prepar'd for her.

She's mad, sure, if she be angry at my fortune,

For what I have made bold.

Cla. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays, and looks no farther

Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him;

And that wife hate will teach me how to cozen him.

Enter Perez.

O, here he is! now you shall see a kind man.

Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?

I know thou stay'dst for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain,
wench;

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' the arbours; there 'tis cool and pleasant;
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i' the mathematics?

Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, wife?

Or comes she from the doctor, to salute you,

And learn your health? She looks not like a con-

fessor.

Estif. What need all this? why are you troubled,
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold ye; [Sir?

She is a woman, Sir; a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, Sir,
Towards the matter; for tho' she cannot perform it

In her own person, she may do't by proxy:

Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband; you are jealous

And haply suspect me! [then,

Per. No, indeed, wife.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not, till you have more cause,
And clearer too: I'm sure you've heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron.
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented,
May be taught tricks.

Per. No, no! I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Cia. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye.

[Exit.—A knock at the door.

Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?

Per. Who knocks there?

Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live! Mistress, my lady's come!
She's at the door: I peep through; I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one:
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at they at the door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here!
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better,
If you will let me but dispute the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do, but to advance your fortune?

Per. Do: I dare trust thee. I am aham'd I was
I find thee a wife young wife. [angry.

Estif. I'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye.—[Aside.] Pray ye walk by, and
say nothing;

Only salute them, and leave the the rest to me, Sir.
I was born to make ye a man.

Per. The rogue speaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her cheeks? I'm born to
I must be gentle to these tender natures: [love her.
A soldier's rude harsh words besit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all the has.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who're these? I hate such flouting things.

A woman of rare presence! excellent fair.

This is too big, sure, for a bawdy-house;

Too open seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [Kisses.

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now, [Apart to Perez.
And I shall make ye rich: This is my cousin;
That gentleman doats on her, even to death:
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She is a mirror.

But she is poor; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own;
And, presuming upon me, and on my courtesy,
(Conceive me short) he knows not but she's wealthy.

Per. Forward; she's a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, hus-
And yield unto her for four days. [band,

Per. Yield our house up; our goods, and wealth?

Estif. All this is but seeming. Do you see this
writing?

Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,
Has the seal'd to our good; the time is unfit now,
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house?

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm
They'll into the country, suddenly, again, [him.
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole possession, wife? Look what you
A part o' the house. [do!

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? had you a sister, Sir,
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir, as easily as it came on;
You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.

Would I had the wench for too. [Aside.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made
both. [Exit Perez.

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the rooms kept
Wench? [sweet;

Estif. They're sweet and neat.

Mar. Why, where's your husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam. [lady.

When you come to your own, he must give place,
Mar. Well, send you joy! you would not let me
Yet I shall not forget ye. [know't;

Estif. Thank your ladyship.

Mar. Come, lead me in. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. A RE you at ease now? is your heart at rest?

Mar. I am at peace, Altea.

if he continue but the same he shews,

And be a master of that ignorance

He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he should prove, now,
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd!

Alt. My life, an innocent!

Mar. That's it I aim at.

That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him.

Are the rooms made ready

To entertain my friends? I long to dance now.

Alt. All, lady; your house is nothing now but

The gallants begin to gaze, too. [various pleasures.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on;

I was brought up a courtier, high and happy.

And company is my delight, and courtship,

And handsome servants at my will. Where's my

Where does he wait? [good husband.

Alt. He knows his distance, Madam.

I warrant ye, he is busy in the cellar
Among his fellow-servants; or asleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Enter Leon and Lorenzo.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea,
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him——
Who sent for him; how dare he come uncalled for?
His hat on, too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the chambers

Deck'd and thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment;
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Lor. They are, and yet there must be more and
richer: It is her will.

Leon. Hum! is it so? 'tis excellent.
Is it her will, too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques?

Lor. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, Sir:
I must not call ye master, she has warn'd me;
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion.
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow;
I may cut first?

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. I thank you.

Enter first Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some
captains,
Will come to dinner; and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome;
See all be ready in the noblest fashion.
Go, get your best cloaths on; but, till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself handsome, Sir; 'tis for my
credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the lady Julia——
Leon. That's a baw'd,
A three-pil'd baw'd: Bawd-major to the army.

2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon
your ladyship;

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery. [morning.

Mar. Tell her no; i'th' afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady. I will, Madam. [Exit.

Mar. Why are ye not gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be fewer to the first course.

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now; what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye:
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, Ma-
dam;

An egg and pepper goes farther than their portions;
And in a well-knit body, a poor parinip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam;

You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband;
But what are husbands? Read the new world's
wonders;

Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities.
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues;
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;
And bills nail'd up, with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, Madam.

An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver:
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.
Till when I tie myself to my obedience. [Exit.

Mar. First I'll untie myself. Did you mark the
gentleman,

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd;
And how unlike the lump I took him for?
This was your providence,
Your wisdom to elect this gentleman;
Your excellent forecast in the man; your knowledge!
What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an ass still.

This boldness some of your people have blown into
him;

This wisdom too with strong wine, 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept
there,

Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grafs immediately. I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing.
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such an hand I'll keep over this husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my life; he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, Madam?

Mar. No, your old cloaths;
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have
Such as are fit for saucy palates, Sir, [victuals,
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good Madam, be not so rough with re-
pentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, 'if it please your
Alt. He's humbled; [ladyship.

Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well; go get you handsome,

And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling? [Aside,
I'll pinch ye to the bones, then, my proud lady.

[Exit.

Mar. See you preserve him thus, upon my favours;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone:
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals, I tie to me,
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.
[Aside.—Exeunt.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I

Never return to my own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,

A conjuror's circle give content above it;
 A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it.
 We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
 And there we lie like butter clapt together,
 And Tweak ourselves to snuce immediately;
 The fumes are infinite inhabit here too;
 So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!
 Never return to my own paradise?
 Why wife, I say! why, Estifania!
Estif. [Within.] I'm going presently.
Per. Make haste, good jewel.
 I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:
 I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.
 The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
 (For they're not able to maintain a cat here).
 And those appear as fearful as two devils;
 They've eat a map o' th' whole world up already,
 And if we stay a night we're gone for company.
 There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
 Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,
 (Which is but three tiles raised like a house of cards)
 The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl.
 There is a young thing, too, that nature meant
 For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
 She has a hulk about her, like a chestnut,
 With laziness, and living under the line here:
 And these two make a hollow found together,
 Like frogs, or winds between two doors that mur-
 mur.

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me! O are you come, wife;
 Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going,
 And you shall presently to your own house, Sir.
 The remembrance of this small vexation
 Will be argument of mirth for ever.
 By that time you have said your orisons,
 And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
 To usher you to your old content, your freedom.
Per. Break my fast, break my neck rather; is
 there any thing here to eat

But one another, like a race of cannibals?
 A piece of butter'd wall, you think, is excellent!
 Let's have our house again immediately;
 And, pray ye, take heed unto the furniture,
 None be embazzl'd.

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.
Per. And let 'em instantly depart.
Estif. They shall both,
 (There's reason in all courtesies)
 For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too; she sent me word, Sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i' the church-yard;
 The dead cannot offend more than these living.
 An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.
Per. And, do you hear? let's have a handsome
 dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been,
 And let me have a strong bath to restore me:
 I stink like a stale fish-shamble, or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret
 nothing.

I'll send you people for the trunks aforehand.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest:

And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, Sir;

But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
 That they may give you thanks for your fair cour-
 And pray you be brave, for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, and Cacafofo.

San. Thod'rt very brave.

Caca. I've reason; I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Caca. Yes; and rhyme too, captain.

If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has

Sap. Wilt thou lend me any? [money.]

Caca. Not a farthing, captain:

Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all men: thou sha't have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds, nor fetters, captain;

My money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious uses:

Buy wine and wenches; and undo young coxcombs,
 That would undo me.

Juan. Are those hospitals?

Caca. I first provide to fill my hospitals

With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched.

And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me.

Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still.

Juan. A provident charity? Are you for the wars,

Caca. I am not poor enough to be a soldier, [Sir?

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet.

This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Caca. Had you but my money,

You'd swear it colonel. I had rather drill at home

A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,

Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:

A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

San. A right state usurer. Why dost not marry,

And live a reverend justice?

Caca. Is it not nobler t' command a reverend jus-
 tice, than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, captain;

When every courteous fool that owes me money,

Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt go to dinner with us?

Caca. I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the
 orient

Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be respected:

I bear my patent here, I will talk to her;

And when your captainships shall stand aloof

And pick your noses, I will pick the purse

Of his affection.

Juan. The duke dines there to-day too, the duke

Caca. Let the king dine there; [of Medina.

He owes me money, and so far's my creature;

And certainly I may make bold with mine own,

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously. [captain.

Caca. Like a true-born Spaniard;

Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows;

And I will drink abundantly, and then

Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,

To stir the intellectuals of the ladies:

I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Caca. You must pawn a horse troop;

And then, have at ye, colonel.

San. Come, let's go.

This rascal will make rare sport: how the ladies
 Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his purse
 sweat too.

Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand
 And tune your pipe a little higher, lady. [Ye;

I'll hold ye fast: How came my trunks open?

And my goods gone?

Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?

Per. My goods again; how came my trunks all

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open? [open?

Per. Yes, and my cloaths gone;

And chains and jewels. How she smells like hung-beef!

Ere, how she belches! The spirit of garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?

The young fair woman?

Per. What's that to my question?

She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your wife, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir! is that a wonder?

Is the name of wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife?

Per. Duly and truly my wife; I think so,

For I married her; it was no vision sure!

Maid. She has the keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,

You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The devil she has! I had a fair house with

That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally. [her.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of her's,

It is a lady's. [good gentleman,

Maid. The lady Margarita's: she was her servant,

And kept the house; but going from her, Sir,

For some lewd tricks she play'd—

Per. Plague o' the devil!

Am I, i' the full meridian of my wisdom,

Cheated by a stale quean! What kind of lady

Is that that owns the house?

Old Wom. A young sweet lady.

Per. Of a low stature?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she is won-

drous fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:

Now I am sensible I am undone.

Maid. When she went out this morning, that I

saw, Sir,

She had two women at the door attending,

And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;

But what they were—I heard your trunks, too,

If they be yours?— [open;

Per. They were mine while they were laden,

But now they've cast their calves, they're not

worth owning.

Was she her mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own mistress, her very mistress,

Sir; and all you saw

About and in that house, was hers.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing. She's poor, Sir; a poor

Per. No money? [flitting thing.

Old Wom. Abominable poor! as poor as we are:

Many as rare to her, unless she steal it.

But for one single gown her lady gave her,

She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now.

I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else:

One single suit I have left, too; and that's all;

And if she steals that she must lay me for it.

Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find truth as soon.

Alas! a thousand conceal'd coffers, Sir, she lurks

And here she gets a fleece, and there another; [in]

And lives in mits and snokes, where none can

And her.

Per. Is she a whore, too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman.

I dare not say she is so, Sir, because

She is yours, Sir. These five years she has liv'd

Upon picking up.

Per. She has pick'd up me finely;

A whore and thief! two excellent moral learnings

In one she-faint; I hope to see her legend.

Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,

And been courted by all women to conceal 'em:

Have I so long studied the art of this sex,

And read the warning to young gentlemen;

Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,

And am I tricked now?

Caught in my own noose? Here's a trial left yet;

There's for your lodging and your meat this week:

A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,

And sleeps in a sweeter box.

Farewel, great-grand-mother;

If I do find you were an accessory,

'Tis but the cutting off two smoking minutes!

I'll hang you presently. [Pushes her down, and exit.

Old Wom. Oh the rogue! the villain! Is this

usage for the fair sex!

S C E N E, a Grand Saloon.

Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,

Sanchio, Cacafofo, and Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly. I like that preparation;

It fits the blood unto a hopeful banquet,

And intimates the mistress free and jovial:

I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafofo, how like you this mansion?

'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it;

'Twas built for my bulk; the rooms are wide and

spacious,

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.

I'll tell you, when I taste the wine, my lord,

And take the height of her table with my stomach,

How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies and Servant.

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to these

soldiers;

You honour my poor house with your fair presence!

Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,

I do beseech your grace command, they're yours;

Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady: I am bold to visit ye,

Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet

beauty.

'T has been a long night since you left the court;

For, till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the duke's meat.

San. She's most excellent!

Juan. Most admirable fair, as e'er I look'd on:

I had rather command her than my regiment.

Caca. I'll have a siing; 'tis but a thousand ducats,

Which I can cozen up again in ten days. [Aside.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam;

Nor shall it be, until I know the guests too;

Nor are they fairly welcome, till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my affers! he looks another

Are miracles afoot again? [thing;

Mar. Why, firrah! why firrah, you!

Leon. I hear you, fussy woman;

And, as you are my wife, command your absence,

And know your duty: 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife?

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;

And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold?
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghil!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal:
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown up body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [Exit.

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the fellow

That had the patience to become a fool.

I am astonish'd!

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately!

Leon. You shall not;

You shall not have so much will to be wicked:
I am more tender of your honour, lady; and of
You took me for a shadow; [your age.
You took me to glofs over your discredit,
To be your fool; you thought you had found a
coxcomb.

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye:

Only I will be known to be your lord, now;
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fel-
Thou cozen'd fool! [low;

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool!

I will not be commanded: I'm above ye.

You may divorce me from your favour, lady;
But from your estate you never shall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam:

You are deceiv'd; I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here,
Madam,

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, Madam.

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me, now,
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at—
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with,
A wanton woman, that her blood provokes too—
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief;
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady—
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, Sir,
In his own house, and it becomes me well too;
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command ye.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and
you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, my lord, my fortune makes
me ev'n;

And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach,
And eat your coach too, (which will be hard diet)

That executes your will. Or take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye;
Take all these freely, but take me no more:
And so, farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep. Draw, Sir,

Leon. They're tears of anger,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not:
She would e'en now swoon, if she could not cry.
Put up, my lord, this is oppression,

And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my guard; and, if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me!

I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye;
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's
freedom,

The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold;
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it;
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour;
Now, Sir, fall on; I'm ready enough to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, Sir, use your
wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir.
And now you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner;
This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [Aside.

Juan. I've seen a miracle; hold thine own, soldier.
Sure they dare fight in fire, that conquer women.

Enter Perez.

Per. Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, Sir; that good natur'd, pretty
If you'd speak with her. [lady,

Juan. Don Michael!

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business:

When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

It is the woman. Good Madam, tell me truly,

Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a maid? you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her—

For she had but a scant fame.

Per. Was she your kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew—Now I look better,

I think you married her; give you much joy, Sir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young
girl.

Per. Is not this house mine, Madam?

Was not she owner of it?

Mar. No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, Sir,

And every thing you see about the building.
She only kept my house when I was absent;
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do not you know, that have her?
She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I

Per. I saw her later: wou'd the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wildfire take her!

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael?
Thy excellent wife.

Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.

You are so jealous now; pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling!

I'm in no humour, now, to fool and prattle.

Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times?

So often that I was ashamed to keep her.

But I forgave her, Sir, in hopes she'd mend still;

And had not you o' the instant married her,

I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still.

Which way so'er I turn, I'm a made man;

Miserably gull'd, beyond recovery!

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, captain.

Hark, in thine ear—I am the arrant'st puppy,

The miserablest ass! but I must leave ye;

I am in haste, in haste. Bleis you, good Madam;

And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, Sir?

Per. No matter if the devil had one to fetch the other. *[Exit.]*

Leon. Will you walk in, Sir, will your grace but honour me,

And taste our dinner? You are nobly welcome!

All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'll to a conjuror but I'll find this pole-cat,
This pilfering whore! a plague of veils, I
And covers for the impudence of women; *[cry,*
Their sanctity in shew will deceive devils.
—It is my evil angel, let me blefs me.

Enter Estifania, with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I'm caught. I must stand to it stoutly,

And shew no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy wife,

I have been looking of your modesty

All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,

I'm glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

Per. I've been in bawdy-houses—

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. Pray ye pardon me;

To seek your ladyship, I have been in cellars,

In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds

Hear your confessions; I have been at plays,

To look you out among the youthful actors;

At puppet-shews, (you're mistress of the motions!)

I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;

But they say yours are bawdy songs, and they mourn
for ye:

And last I went to church to seek you out;

'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot
you.

Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell
mine now:

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns—

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes; I reel not yet, Sir.

Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;

There I had great hope to find you disguised too:

From thence to the dicing-house; there I found
quarrels

Needless and senseless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,

Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,

And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,

And to the surgeons went; he will'd me stay,

For, says he, learnedly, If he be tipsy,

Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;

If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.

I fought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd,

Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women;

For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,

The more the danger, still the more the honour.

Last, to your confessor I came, who told me

You were too proud to pray; and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton languages,

And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd!

Estif. Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd incorrigible——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Estif. Yes, Sir; and go before ye,

And round about ye. Why do you rail at me?

For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!

Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain;

Upon your wife: O most renown'd captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly;

Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my husband;

I thought you had had infinite, but I am cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me
wonders?

A house and riches, when they are but shadows;

Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me,

(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)

With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd
bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband;

So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou hast 'em, rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all;

And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker,

To mend old kettles? Is this noble usage?

Let all the world view here the captain's treasure.

A man would think, now, these were worthy matters:

Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it
scinteth;

Worse than the dirty mouldy heel it serv'd for!

And here's another of a lesser value,

So little I would shame to tie my monkey in't:

These are my jointure! blush and save a labour,

Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty!

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel!

Did not you win this at Coletta, captain;

Or took it in the field from some brave Bashaw?

See how it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes.

Per. Pry'thee leave prating.

Effif. And here's a chain of whittings eyes for pearls;

A muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pry'thee wife; my clothes, my clothes.

Effif. I'll tell ye,

Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.

Put these and them on, you're a man of copper;

A copper, copper captain! those you thought, my husband,

To have cozen'd me withal; but I am quit with you!

Per. Is there no house then; nor no grounds about it?

No plate nor hangings?

Effif. There are none, sweet husband.

Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.

[*Percez sings.*—*Effif. sings.*

Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,

And speak great words; you are a soldier, thunder!

Per. I will speak little; I have play'd the fool,

And so I am rewarded.

Effif. You have spoke well, Sir;

And now I see you're so conformable,

I'll heighten you again. Go to your house,

They're picking to be gone, you must sup there,

I'll meet you and bring clothes and clean shirts after,

And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,

And teach you to bring copper. [*Aside.*

Per. Tell me one thing;

I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;

However, I forgive thee; art thou honest?

The beldam swore—

Effif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,

It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!

The lady told you too—

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Effif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your

And she denied the house. [*Suff'rance:*

Per. She knew me not;

No, nor no title that I had.

Effif. 'Twas well carried:

No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I would believe thee,

But heaven knows how my heart is. Will ye follow

Effif. I'll be there straight. [*me?*

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Percez.*

Effif. Go, silly fool? thou may'st be a good fol-

In open fields, but for our private service [*dier*

Thou art an ass!

Enter Cacafo.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,

And tickle daintily; I've lost my end elfe.

May I crave your leave, Sir?

Caca. Pry'thee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no

I'm in my meditations, do not vex me. [*leave;*

A beaten thing; but this hour a most bruised thing,

That people had compassion on;

I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,

And money may do much; a thousand ducats!

'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Effif. Pray you, hear me?

Caca. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to

Of silver gilt, with a blind poesy in't, [pawn now,

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.

I'll none of 'em.—I would'st he did not know me!

Or would'st this fellow had but use of money,

That I might come in any way.

Effif. I'm gone, Sir;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,

The lady Margarita—

Caca. Stay, I pry'thee,

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye:

And talk now till thy tongue ache, I will hear ye.

Effif. She will intreat you, Sir.

Caca. She shall command, Sir!

Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewo-

Do not forget thyself. [*man;*

Effif. She does command, then,

This courtesy, because she knows you're noble—

Caca. Your mistress by the way?

Effif. My natural mistress.

Upon these jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,

And view 'em right—

Caca. To doubt 'em is an heresy.

Effif. A thousand ducats: 'tis upon necessity

Of present use; her husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so.

Effif. She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person;

And when you please to do her so much honour—

Caca. Come, let's dispatch.

Effif. In truth I've heard her say, Sir,

Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.

But, in this business Sir.

Caca. Let's do it first,

And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't

Effif. All secretly she would desire: she told me

How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus.

Carry her the gold. I'll look her out a jewel

Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another:

Come, pry'thee come; I long to serve the lady,

Long monstrously. Now, valour, I shall meet ye;

You that dare dukes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will; I shall prevent

I have a toy here that will turn the tide, [*him.*

And suddenly, and strangely; here, Don Juan,

Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity!

This must not be.

San. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,

And of so rare a price, in prison!

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio;

We'll have her free again, and move at court

In her clear orb. But one sweet handfomeness

To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must

strive in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us! [*Exeunt.*

Another Chamber.

Enter Leon and Juan with a Commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this noble-

I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir, [ness;

And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you:

'Tis has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,

To make me your companion; this commission

Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,

And am a glad man we shall gain your company:

I'm sure the king knows you are newly married;

And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone; so he com-

mands me,

And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it.

The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir,

Leon. Do you hear, ho? go carry this unto your

mistress, Sir,

And let her see how much the king has honour'd me.
 Bid her be lusty, the must make a soldier. *Lorenzo!*
Lorenzo!

Enter Lorenzo.

Go, take down all the hangings;
 And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
 And all the furniture that's portable.
 Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
 We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.
 And, do you hear, Lorenzo? let all your lady's
 wardrobe

Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Lor. Must my mistress go, Sir?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you and all; all, all
 must go.

Lor. Why Pedro, Vasco, Diego. *[Exit.*

Juan. He has taken a brave way to save his honour.
 By the life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now, wife! what, sick at my pre-
 Tis not kindly done. *[Sighs]*

Mar. No sooner love ye,
 Love you entirely, Sir, brought to consider
 The goodness of your mind, and mine own duty,
 But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?
 Tis a cruelty; I'll to the king.
 And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
 Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—
Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his
 country. *[Aside.]*

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that
 But talk of war, or any thing to vex him; *[durst]*
 You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife:
 What, should I lose the king for a few kisses?
 We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my cousin; he shall to the

Leon. He did me this great office, *[sighs]*
 I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
 To undo't again? Fy, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company,
 How willing should I be then, and how merry!
 I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. *[Knocking within.]*

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh heaven, my
 head! Why, rascals,
 I think the war's begun i'the house already.

Leon. The preparation is. They're taking down
 And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
 And all those furnitures that shall best me,
 When I lie in garrison.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Must the coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?
 We shall find shipping for't there, to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye;
 I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier;
 And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye.
 Am not I with ye, sweet? Are her clothes packt up,
 And all her linen? Give your maids direction;
 You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
 And all such necessary people with me,
 And an easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye;
 Cunct it may, sometimes.

Mar. I am with child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? this is something
 speedy.

Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?
 My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady.

Mar. You must provide a cradle; and what a

Leon. The sea shall rock it; *[trouble's that.]*
 'Tis the best nurse: 'twill roar and rock together.

A swing'ing storm will sing you such a lullaby!

Mar. Faith, let me stay; I shall but shame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall
 along with me;

At home, I'm sure, you'll prove a million.

Every man carries the bundle of his sins
 Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble journey?
 'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
 And knew you'd prove some good man for your
 country.

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
 I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
 You are to blame! he'll come again, sweet cousin:
 Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
 Among your maids at home, and housewifely.

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that soli-
 tariness:

She's young; and grief, or ill news from those quar-
 May daily cross her. She shall go along, Sir. *[Cries,*

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-body'd lady,
 And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults?
 A sickly lady, too!

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir.

There's no such friend to health as wholesome tra-
 San. Away, it must not be! *[vel.]*

Alon. It ought not, Sir.

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears: fright her with
 With thunder of the war! *[tempests,*

I dare swear, if she were able——

Leon. She's most able:

And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no re-
 medy;

Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
 Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
 Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,

Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me.
 I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,

To such a desolation and discredit, as
 Her weakness and your hot will would work her to.

Fye, fye! for shame.

Enter Perez.

What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance!

What cousin's this?

Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou?

In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,

Hast thou lain hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel;

And people must conceal, and shine again.

You're welcome hither, as your friend may say,
 gentlemen;

A pretty house, ve see, handsomely seated,
 Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French taylor, that
 Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

Per. I see you're packing, now, my gentle cousin,
 And my wife told me I should find it so.

'Tis true I do. You was merry when I was last here,

But 'twas your will to try my patience, Madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house? what pleasure, Sir? what do you mean?

Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous:

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, Sir, and you know it;
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

[A knock within.]

The hangings, Sir, I must intreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses:

I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;

Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Pr'ythee good stubborn wife, tell me direct-
Goodevil wife leave fooling, and tell me honestly, [ly,
Is this my kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastick—all the house?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely, as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' the top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently; I cou'd have done, Sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away! no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd you were ne'er yet in Bedlam;
Never in love, for that's a lunacy;
No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for;
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye;
And then I yield—Do but look at him.

Per. He has half persuaded me I was bred i' th'
moon;
I have ne'er a bush at my breech. Are not we both
mad?

And is not this a fantastick house we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will ye walk out, Sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into as found belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall, there, for a chimney-
piece,

And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal-
cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come we'll away im-
mediately.

Mar. Why then the house is his, and all that's
I'll give away my skin but I'll undo ye: [in it;
I gave it to his wife, you must restore, Sir,
And make a new provision.

Per. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd; you, my pagan cousin,
My mighty maubound kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcome all. I hope to see, Sir,
Your grace here, and my coz. We are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Dute. Are ye blank at this? Then I must tell
ye, Sir,

Ye've no command; now you may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass troop.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.

You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view awhile those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray ye?
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave gentleman;
And by this sacred light, I love thee dearly!
Hark ye, Sir!

The house is none of your's; I did but jest, Sir.
You are no coz of mine; I beseech ye, vanish.

Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet maubound cousin;

"You are welcome, welcome all,

"My cousin too, we are soldiers,

"And should naturally do for one another."

Per. By this hand the dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her! [Exit Perez.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month;
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.
Good-morrow to your grace, we've private business,
There lies your way—there. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Perez.

Per. **H**AD I but lungs enough to hawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might
hear me,

That men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wish: Would it were made high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry;
I mean for a man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.

What torments shall I put her to?
Cut her in pieces? Every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief.

They are so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and fea-
to burn too cold, they live like salamanders; [thers;
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her, as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, with a Cast.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts; a the moth,
That ev'ry silkman's shop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou
vision.

But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort:
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy circle;
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee:
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be't human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!
Caca. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say; most
damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit? Speak, speak! Ha,
ha, ha!

Caca. I'll utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a
rascal woman?

Dost thou laugh still?
Per. I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me:
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry;
Terribly angry. I have cause.
Per. That's it;

And 'tis no reason but thou should'st be angry,
Angry at heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? Art sure it was a woman?

Caca. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at
Per. It is no matter! By a woman cozen'd; [chee.
A real woman?

Caca. By a real devil!
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let's see them.
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lowly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman: I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it;
You are the merriest undone man in Europe.
What need we fiddles, bawdy-songs, and merry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels: what a notable pennyworth
Have you had! You will not take, Sir,
Some twenty ducats?

Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'll take some ten,
Some any thing; some half ten, half a ducat.

Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure!
D'ye mark their waters?

Caca. Quicksand choke their waters,
And her's that brought 'em too! but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her:
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
(For such gross natures will desire it often)
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick.

[Exit Perez.

Caca. If I were valiant, now, I'd kill this fellow;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady, there I shall be satisfied.

[Exit Cacafofo.

SCENE, another Street.

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou
rebel;
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou
rascal?

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes, nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek to destroy thee willingly;
But now thou com'st to invite me, com'st upon me;
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken in the manner,
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
That dare administer a dram of ratbane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick's now afoot, and what new houses
Have i' the air? what orchards in apparition?
What can'st thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book-out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;
For I have farther business than thy killing:
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're
ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir; now [Shows a pistol.
Come on. Do you start off from me?

Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a
Per. Do you wear guns? [spirit?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, Sir;
And, by that privilege, I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more
And talk of our affairs in peace? [friendly,

Per. Let me see,
Pr'ythee let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one!

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain! what, would you
Kill your own husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband, then,
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats.
Who must provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I
have pawn'd 'em;

You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,
And get as many more; I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I am an ass, when thou art near me.
[Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleas-
Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with ye. [sure;

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband.

Why now I doat upon you, love you dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly, and sweetly, into your embraces.

O, what a jewel is a woman excellent;
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all. Now experience

Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness!
[Clashing swords.—A cry within, Down with
their swords.]

What noise is this? what dismal cry?
Mar. 'Tis loud too.

Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look
Leon. Look out, and help. [out there.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Oh, Sir, the Duke Medina!
Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Lor. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.

Mar. Away, away, and help him!
All the house help. [Exit Lorenzo.

Leon. How! slain? Why Margarita,
Wife, sure some new device they have afoot again,

Some trick upon my credit, I shall meet it:
I'd rather guide a ship imperial,

Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.
Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Lotenzo.

Mar. How came you hurt, Sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.

My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers.

For charity,
Lead me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,

That 'ere I perish I may shew my penitence ;
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help to hear him in.

There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To bed with him : And, wife, give your
attendance.

Enter Juan.

[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alonso, Mar. and Lor.*

Leon. Afore me, 'tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, Sir.

He is not hurt ; only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger ; that same scratch
On's hand, he took to colour all, and draw com-
passion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave
fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel ; and I honour ye.
Never be quiet ?

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, Sir.

I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in ;
Or does it stand on fairy ground ? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams

Mar. What ail you, Sir ?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience ?

What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer this ?

Mar. You have done handsomely, I must confess,
Alas ! I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry ;

Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always ;

You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me farther, I run stark mad !

If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate :

I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.

Are ye so hot, that no hedge can contain ye ?

I'll have thee let blood in the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts sound too, and have them
open'd ;

Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye ;

Th' maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,

And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,

And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty ;

That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,

You in a pallet bet ; to humble ye,

And grieve for what you lose ; thou foolish, wicked
woman !

Mar. I've lost myself, Sir ;

And all that was my base self, disobedience, [*Kneels.*

My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too :

And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd

By your own nobleness—

Leon. Beware, beware !—have you no fetch now ?

Mar. No ; by my repentance, no.

Leon. But art thou truly, truly honest ?

Mar. My tears will shew it.

Leon. I take you up,

Enter Altea.

And wear you next my heart ; see you be worth it.
Now, what with you ?

Alc. I come to tell my lady, [*her.*

There is a fulsome fat fellow would fain speak with

Leon. 'Tis Carafogo : keep him from the duke ;

The duke from him ; anon, he'll yield us laughter.

Alc. Where is it, please you, that we shall de-
tain him ?

He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To th' cellar with him, 'tis the drunkards
Fit covert for such beasts. Should he be resty, [*den ;*
Say I'm at home ; unweildy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre-hole to thum me.

Alc. I'll dispose him there.

[*Exit Altea.*

Leon. Now, Margarita, comes your trial on :
The duke expects you ; acquit yourself to him,
(I put you to the test) you have my trust,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em.

[*Exit Mar.*

Leon. My work is done ; and now my heart's at
I read in every look she means me fairly, [*cate.*
And nobly shall my love reward her for't !
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness, or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.

[*Exit Leon.*

SCENE, another Chamber.

The Duke discover'd upon a Couch.

Duke. Why now this is most excellent invention ;
I shall succeed, spite of this huffing husband.

Enter Margarita.

Who's there ; my love ?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend ?

Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your
wounds are ?

Duke. I have none, lady, not a hurt about me ;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel, to enjoy you, lady.
I am as luffy and as full of health,
As high in blood.

Mar. As low in blood, you mean.

Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth ;
The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margarita,
Come to my couch, and these let us kiss love's
language.

Mar. Would you take that, which I've no right
to give ?

Steal wedlock's property ; and in his house
Would you his wife betray ? will you become
Th' ungrateful viper ; who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast that sav'd him ?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying
penance ;

Let us, while love is luffy, prove its pow'r.

Mar. Ill wishes, once, my lord, my mind debas'd ;
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it ;
Shameful I own my faults, but 'tis repented :
No more the wanton Margarita, now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer : he has won me,
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty,
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rites ;
No more mementos, let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses.

Mar. Nay ! Within, then !—

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Leon. Did you call, my wife ?—or you, my lord ?
Was it your grace that wanted me ?—No answer.
What, out of bed ! How do you, my good lord ?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you ? you were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever ; spare your reproach,
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, Sir, and now your grace shall know

I can as ready pardon as revenge.

Be comforted ; all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, Sir.

Leon. Wife, you are a right one ;

And now with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord ; they never prosper.

Enter Lorenzo.

Let. Please you, Sir,

We cannot keep this gross fat man in order :

He swears he'll have admittance to my lady ;

And reels about, and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. Let him come up. Wife, here's another suitor,

We forgot ; h'as been fighting in the cellar,

Making my casks his mistresses.

Will your grace permit us to produce a rival ?

Duke. No more on that theme, I request, Don Leon.

Leon. Here comes the porpoise : he's devilish drunk. Let me stand by.

Enter Cacafogo, drunk.

Caca. Where is my bona roba ? O you're all here ;

Why I don't fear snap dragons—Impotential,

Powerfully potion'd—I can drink with Hector,

And beat him too—then what care I for captains ;

I'm full of Greek wine, the true ancient courage.

Sweet Mrs. Margarita—let me kiss thee ?

Your kissing shall pay me for his kicking.

Leon. What would you ?

Caca. Sir !

Leon. Lead off the wretch.

Duke. Most filthy figure, truly.

Caca. Filth ! O you're a prince ! yet I can buy

Thy dukedom. I can buy all of you ;

Your wives and all.

Juan. Sleep, and be silent.

Caca. Speak you to your creditors,

Good Captain Halfpay, I'll not take thy pawns in.

Leon. Which of the butts is your mistress ?

[*To Cacafogo.*]

Caca. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There's two in thine, I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep :

When he is sober, let him out to rail,

Or hang himself ; there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt Cacafogo and Servant.*]

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this ? my maughound cousin ?

Pez. Good Sir, 'tis very good ; wou'd I'd a house For there's no talking in the open air. [too,

My termagant coz, I would be bold to tell ye,

I durst be merry too. I tell you plainly,

You have a pretty feat, you have the luck on't ;

A pretty lady too, I have miss'd both ;

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him :

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,

See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,

And, for my foolery, sell soap and whippcord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little.

And now I've done, coz, thou shalt live with me ;

My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us :

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

Will this content thee ?

Pez. I'll cry, and then be thankful.

Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye ;

I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.

Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest ;

And, at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

Mar. Hold, this is your's, some recompence for service ;

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is your's ; your true commission, Now you're a captain. [Sir.

Leon. You're a noble prince, Sir,

And now a soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all for-
Alon. And I. [tunes.

Alr. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister ?

Alr. Yes, indeed, good brother ;

I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress.

Mar. Is she your sister ?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,

And my best sister ; for she prov'd so, wench,

When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Alr. I wou'd not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I cou'd chide ye ;

But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.

Duke. I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,

For now I have an honest heart to love ye,

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly ;

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.

And all the world shall know we're virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind

Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,

First learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



